

OK. Hercules, p. 8

and a cooked. Job sat on the platform and read the June 1984 issue of "Preservation News." Hot sausage & green pepper and ^{now} fried potatoes (all in the electric frying pan) & then three minutes from completion, I made an opening in the middle & put four eggs therein. I made some cornbread and baked it in my toaster oven. We sat at the dining room table in the glorious mid-morning sun & wolfed down our breakfast / lunch. The air was cool and the food steaming hot & the sun very warm. When we had finished eating, I did the dishes and then we went back out and cut up a couple of the trees that John had earlier felled. The saw blade became too dull to continue and so we called a halt to wood cutting and came inside. We stretched out on the floor and rested. Job turned on his television and flipped back & forth looking for a good channel. He found nothing and turned off the set. After a good half hour's rest, I got myself up and did some preliminary arranging of slides for the Ladore lecture (7:30 P.M. Monday). The day kept getting more beautiful as it went along. We parked up and drove into town. SKP (in the car): "Days such as this are the substance of life. Everything that one does is a preparation for such days. Such days are very rare." My remarks were double edged — a beautiful day with Job, a beautiful fall day.

We went to the Post Office & then took a drive up Main Street and then to Smith's Gas Station (formerly Pat Carter's) where I bought \$2.25 of Kerosene; then to 46 Canaan Street.

OK. Hercules, p. 9

I had a cup of tea & a piece of apple pie, which John's grandmother had made & sent over to 46 Canaan Street. Connie was there; Richard came home from school, then Kathy & Jack; I made my exit. John & his father & Richard went over to John's grandmother's and got some wood. John and I agreed to leave for Ladore at about 7 P.M. I went to the Golf Course & bathed & returned here & prepared the slides for Ladore & dressed (the tuxedo). At 6 P.M. I attended a meeting in the Episcopal Church in Dundaff — the meeting was called by Henry Nettle and was about the Dundaff Cemetery. Peg Shorn was there & so was Oswald Chamber, among others. I was there on an advice from Maplewood Cemetery. They all looked to me as the supreme font of knowledge on how to run a cemetery. It was very flattering. 6:55 — departure from Dundaff for 46 Canaan; picked up John about 10 after 7 P.M. and we arrived at Ladore in good time. John had never been to Ladore before. We both did the lecture — I turned the microphone over to John when the Gravity Railroad slider came on. We did a beautiful job & the crowd was very appreciative. When it was over, I had ^{at the lodge & complimentary to Ladore lodge} a chocolate sundae & Job had a butterscotch one & we then returned to 46 Canaan, where Connie served us peach cobbler & I had some tea. Sat and visited with Connie & Jack & Harmon & his girlfriend for about 30 minutes and then I returned here. The early part of the day had been so poetic that the final hour seemed very prosaic indeed. The 24-hour idyll with Job more or less came to an end when we left here for town. Leaving